FAME'S TRIBUTE TO CHILDREN

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FAME'S TRIBUTE TO CHILDREN

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BEING A COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPH SENTIMENTS CONTRIBUTED BY FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN FOR THIS VOLUME. DONE IN FAC-SIMILE AND PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME, OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY
1892

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EXPLANATORY NOTE.

IN presenting this volume to the public, a few words as to its origin may not be without interest. When it was decided to erect a Children's Building upon the Exposition grounds, the Board of Lady Managers called for assistance in raising the necessary funds to carry out their project. Among the many ways and means to this end, the idea presented itself that a volume might be compiled of sentiments dedicated to little children by famous men and women, and that an additional interest might be given it by printing these sentiments in *fac-simile*. Acting upon this idea, a circular containing the following paragraph was printed with the sanction and official recognition of Mrs. Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers:

"We appeal to the laurel-crowned of all countries, whose subjects will be partakers of the benefits to be derived from the success of this undertaking, to

aid us by contributing to our volume, a verse—even a line; a sketch (be it ever so small),—a dash of the pencil or brush; some thoughts in music, if only a few chords."

This circular, accompanied by one descriptive of the Children's Building, was sent to those whose contributions were desired. The generous response which it received has made this volume possible. We acknowledge with pleasure the debt we owe those friends who have used their influence to ensure our success, as well as the famous men and women whose sentiments, wherever written, must always command the respect and admiration of all readers.

MARTHA S. HILL.

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EXECUTIVE MANSION
WASHINGTON.

I feel like kneeling to children as the future sovereigns of this Country. God bless them every one, and keep them, as the little they are to him, from all that is evil; fill their little hearts with sunshine and their natures live with grace and loveliness.

Benj Harrison

Supreme Court of the United States.
Chief Justice's Chambers.

"The child was perfectly quiet now, but not asleep – only soothed by sweet providge and warmth into that wide gazing, calm which makes us older human beings, with our inward turmoil, feel a certain awe in the presence of a little child, such as we feel before some quiet majesty or beauty in earth or sky – before a steady glowing planet, or a full-flowered eglantine, or the bending trees over a silent pathway"

Melville W Fuller,

Nov. 2, 1892.

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D.C.

Wordsworth - The Excursion. Book iv.

"I have seen
"A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
"Of inland ground, applying to his ear
"The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
"To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
"Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
"Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
"Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
"Mysterious union with its native sea."

David Davis Blatchford,
Associate Justice of the
Supreme Court of the
United States.
November 2, 1892.

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D.C.

Nov 2. 1892

The utter helplessness
of a little child is, to
every heart, Nature's
unanswerable plea
for love and care

David J Brewer
Associate Justice of
the Supreme Court
of the United States

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Longfellow to a child

"O child! O new born denizen
"Of life's great city! on thy head
"The glory of the morn is shed,
"Like a celestial benison!
"Here at the portal thou dost stand,
"And with thy little hand
"Thou openest the mysterious gate
"Into the future's undiscovered land."

Henry B. Brown.
Associate Justice
Supreme Court. United States

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Douglas Jerrold
once met a blessing in
that I was heartily
sorry upon my one who
added to the happiness of
a child — 'Blessed' he
says "be the hand that
imparts a pleasure to a
child, for there is no saying
when and where Mercy
bloom forth."
Washington Nov. 4. 1892
Stephen J. Field

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

"Truly, there is nothing
in the world so blessed
and sweet as the heritage
of children."

—

"If I were to choose among
all the gifts and graces
that would, on the whole,
make life pleasantest,
I should select the
love of children."

J. Marshall Harlan

Nov 1/92

Supreme Court of the United States.
Justice's Chambers.

"Our childhood sits,
"Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne
"That hath more power than all the elements"

L. Q. C. Lamar

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D.C.

This lesson, Master, let us two divide,
Never to mingle our pleasure or our pride
With sense of the meanest thing that feels."
Wordsworth —

Yours Sincerely
Felix Frankfurter

Plato Republic V. 473

I said: Until philosophers are kings or the kings & princes of this world have the spirit & power of philosophy, and political greatness & wisdom meet in one, and those commonn natures who pursue either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never have rest from their woes – no nor the human race as I believe, and then only will this our State have a possibility of life and behold the light of day.

B. Jowett

Balliol College Oct 11. 1892

"From all this you will, doubtless, conclude that Hornhuth does not suit me very well, and that the Count and I do not always agree. It would be more after Isoline's taste. I like the children's dream, as you call it, best. We have been dead, and laid upon a bier; but we will, please God, live hereafter for the children and for the Christ."

The Little Schoolmaster Mark
p 238

Joseph Henry Shorthouse

Nay never falter: no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the sitadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good:
'Tis that compels the elements, and forms
A human music from the indifferent air."

George Eliot's Spanish Gipsy

Mr. Vincent Garrett Deworth.

O come across the hill-side, the April-month is here,
The lamb-time, the lark-time, the child-time of the year!

* * * * * * *

O come into the wide world, for you the Spring is here,
The swift clouds are sailing, the young Earth carols clear.
Come happy heart to wonder,
Come eager hands to plunder
The wide world's store,
The meadows golden glory,
The shining towers of story
On Dreamland's shore.
To reign there all the joy-time, the Spring-time of the year.

From "An April Song."

Margaret L. Woods.

October 13. 1892

Little Children.

.... Helpless creatures, who have never been asked if they wished for life on any terms, much less if they wished for it on... hard conditions.

(From "Tess of the d'Urbervilles.")

Thomas Hardy.

Oct. 8. 1892

When he tried to figure to himself the morning twilight of childhood, so as to deal with it safely, he perceived that it was never fixed, never arrested, that ignorance, at the instant one touched it, was already flushing faintly into knowledge, that there was nothing that at a given moment you could say a clever child didn't know. "The Pupil." Henry James

73, EATON TERRACE,
S.W.

London
October 2, 1892

Dear Miss Hill

I am delighted to be favored with a copy of your circular describing the proposed Home for Children at the World's Fair. The idea is most charming and I feel sure your association will work it into practical form. Never before, that I know of, was such a beneficent plan devised to gladden the children and make happy the mothers. Most Cordially do I wish you a full success.

Very truly Yours
Justin McCarthy.

Old Johnny Grundy.

Old Johnny Grundy had a Grey Mare
Hey! Gee! Whoa!

Her legs were thin & her hide was bare
Hey! Gee! Whoa!

And when she died she made her Will:—
"Now old Johnny Grundy has used me ill;

"Give every dog in the Town a bone,
"But to old Johnny Grundy give thou none."

The Carver came and her image made
In the Market-place where the Children played

And the Parson preached with unction rare:—
"Good people be kind to your old Grey Mare.

"And dont you beat her or use her ill
Hey! Gee! Whoa!
"Or else she'll leave you out of her Will"
Hey! Gee! Whoa!

Rudyard Kipling

The Cradle

How steadfastly she'd worked at it!
How lovingly had dress'd
With all her would-be-mother's wit
That little rosy nest!

How longingly she'd hung on it!—
It sometimes seemed, she said,
Were joy beneath its coverlet
While sleeping in bed

He came at last, the tiny guest
For whom Decimus had
That rosy nest—its silk dress
Her coffin was his bed.

Austin Dobson

19 x. 92

Happy children!
How much is done
for you nowadays,
but remember
that while others
are helping you,
you too must learn
to serve. It is
a lesson you

Can joyously
leave sin, but
if neglected it
may cost you
many a bitter
tear when
the glad hours

of childhood
are long passed
& gone.
Dr J Heath

Oct 15th/92.

Our Children

We long for them before they
are given to us. We
love them when they come.
We watch over them
while they are here.
We make any sacrifice
that their lives may be
full of joy.
If they would be happy
in after years, they should
remember all this

J. Jefferson

مرحمتی اعلیحضرت قوی‌شوکت اقدس همایونی ناصرالدین شاه قاجار خلد الله ملکه و سلطانه
وزیر مفخم دولت علیه امریکا در شهر شوال سنه ۱۳۰۳

Souvenir of His Majesty the Emperor of Persia Nasr ed Din Shah Kadjar to His Excellency J. Winston Minister of the High Government of the United States. Month of Ramazan 1303. (June 1886.—

"God gave her the child,
and gave her too an
instinctive knowledge of
its nature and requirements
which no other mortal being
can possess

Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

Your obedient servant

Richard Grant White

Lefferts 20. 1892.

My mother had a large family of children, and we all had what the Yankees call "a very good time." It would help her therefore, that Jimmy mothers would come round to consult her as to her methods.

But she always said, "My dear child, there

is no method— only
Get along as well
as you can, every Day

Throw into life the
Complete unselfishness
in which she gave herself
up to her children,
and this rule will work
very well

Edward E. Hale

Roxbury. Mass
Oct. 20. '92

"Even a child is known by his doings,
whether he, work be pure and whether it
be right."
Prov. xx: 11.

"Jesus said: 'Suffer the little children to come
unto me: and am not I a little child?"
(From the lips of a dying child of
nine years of age.)

John Hall D.D., LL.D.
Minister 5th Ave Presby" Church. N.Y.

December.

Verses written for a Child.

When every stocking was stuffed with dolls, and balls, and rings,
Whistles, and tops, and dogs (of all conceivable things!)
Old Kriss Kringle looked round, and saw on the elm-tree bough,
High-hung, an oriole's nest, lonely and empty now.
"Like a stocking", he laughed, "hung up there on the tree!
I'll bet anything the birds expected a present from me!"
Then old Kriss Kringle, who loves a joke as well as the best
Dropped a handful of flakes in the oriole's empty nest.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Each age of life has its own
world. But a children is
not a democracy, as people are
for an absolute monarchy. And
its sovereigns are Oberon and
Titania.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

New York
Columbus Day
1892

The curé answered with a warm smile, saying:

"My boy, God is a very practical God — no, you need not write it; just listen a moment. Yes, and so when he gave us natures like this, he gave men not wives only, but brethren and sisters and companions and strangers, in order that conscience, and love, and self-sacrifice, — mistakenly so-called, — might have no lack of direction and occupation; and then bound the whole human family together by putting every one's happiness into some other one's hands. I see you do not understand; never mind; it will come to you little by little. It was a long time coming to me. Let us go in to supper."

Yours truly,

J. W. Crable

Northampton, Massachusetts

September, 1892.

"You may fool a man,—
possibly, even a woman;
but you cannot fool
a child or a dog."

"The whitest soul I
ever met in
a black body is a
child's."

Thos. Nelson Page

South Berwick.
Maine

So the Friday Club is going to open a Childrens Home? I wish that it may entertain many a young angel unawares.

It seems to me that it will be a very good chance for teaching and helping some young mothers who come from lonely places and who have not been able to learn the newest ways of caring for little children and making them happy. Could not some good advice be printed in a brief and simple way after the fashion of Day Nursery rules and given to those who come for the pleased and replete babies at night? I am not sure that the babies aren't going to have the best of it at the Great Exposition!

Sarah Orne Jewett

A Child's Logic

A true incident.

Two eyes of a purple pansy's hue,
Two eyes met mine in calm survey:—
"My child, I like your eyes so true."
Then did the little maiden say,
"If you like my eyes, you like me too!"

Edith M. Thomas

Divine is Infancy —
That crystal cup a-brim with potency.

Julian Hawthorne. —

For the Children's Home Album.
Chicago.

Il vero progresso è possibile a guisa sola condizione: che la nuova generazione, che viene su, valga più della nostra, in rapporto all'intelletto e al cuore. Bisogna che gli educatori abbiano sempre presente questa verità.

Roma 23 Ottobre 1892

Pietro Blaserna

Come dobbiamo trattare i fanciulli

..... Et offerebant illi parvulos, ut tangeret eos. Discipuli autem comminabantur offerentibus. Quos cum videret Jesus, indigne tulit, et ait illis: Sinite parvulos venire ad me, et ne prohibueritis eos..... Et complexans eos, et imponens manus super illos, benedicebat eos.....

Evangelium Marci X. 13–16.

Giovanni Schiaparelli.

A beautiful voice
is the gift of God. —
Adelina Patti Nicolini

1892

A child's candor, simplicity and faith owned, in a man, indicate greatness.

The door yard gate is the dead-line of boyhood for "Where there's drink there's danger" and the legalized dram shop dominates the street. Be it ours, as women, to explore "the regions beyond" and to play the part of St George against the dragon to every enemy of childhood outside the door-yard gate.

Then shall society and government and the Great Army be but a stronger stone for little feet.

Frances E. Willard

Rest Cottage, Evanston, Ill
August, 1892

God's little ones are to become
the great of the earth. May all
who have the training of these
tender plants of the Kingdom teach
them to cling to the Saviour and His
dear Cross as the ivy clings to the
strong oak.

Maud B. Booth

Les enfants sont à mes yeux ce qui existe de plus sacré. Je trouve qu'on ne les aime pas assez, ou plutôt qu'on les aime mal, qu'on les regarde trop comme des jouets vivants. Je trouve qu'on les brutalise trop, qu'on les gâte trop aussi; qu'on ne ménage pas assez leur délicatesse nerveuse; qu'on ne se préoccupe pas suffisamment de leur former le jugement. Je déplore que par étourderie et inconscience, les parents les mieux intentionnés développent dans leurs enfants les pires sentiments, allant même jusqu'à leur suggérer les mauvais instincts qui leur manquent. On ne fera jamais assez pour l'enfance, et j'appelle de tous mes vœux le temps où elle sera mieux comprise et mieux protégée.

Saint-Saëns

13 octobre 1892

Two Valleys.

I.

Yes, 'tis a glorious sight
This valley, that mountain height!

II.

The river's plunge and roar
Echoes the ocean shore

III.

Shakspeare in waves uproar
Breaks the gigantic storm.

IV.

The wooded mount doth climb
To a thought intense, sublime.

V.

The story of all I feel, —
But my heart, my heart will steal

VI.

Far back to the least of valleys
Where a slow brook curves and dallies, —

VII.

Where a boy, in the twilight gleam
Walks alone with his dream.

F. W. Bourdillon.

With Trumpet and Drum.

With big tin trumpet and little red drum,
Marching like soldiers the children come;
It's this way and that way they circle and file —
My! but that music of theirs is fine!
This way and that way, and after a while
They march straight into this heart of mine!
A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb
To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that drum!

Come on, little people, from cot and from hall —
This heart it hath welcome and room for you all!
It will sing you its songs and warm you with love,
As your dear little arms with my arms intertwine;
It will rock you away to the dreamland above —
Oh, a jolly old heart is this old heart of mine,
And jollier still is it bound to become
When you blow that big trumpet and beat that red drum!

I've come; though I see not his dear little face

And hear not his voice in this jubilant place,

I know he were happy to bid me enshrine

His memory deep in my heart with your play —

Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than mine

Hath left my love in its Babyland to-day!

And my heart it is lonely – O, little folk, come,

Make in and make merry with trumpet and drum!

— Eugene Field.

Chicago, Sept. 13, 1892.

The Boys

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out without making a noise.
Hang it! Nonsense! clear out! the Establishment's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes;—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes, white, if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—
That boy we call "Doctor" and this we call "Judge"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right;
"Mr Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress" we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—What's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true!
So they chose him right in;—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy we pretend with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When we spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But - he shouted a song for the brave and the free, -
Just read on his medal "My Country of thee"!

You hear that boy laughing? - You think he's all fun;
But - the angels laugh too at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys, always playing with tongue or with pen,
And I sometimes have asked, - shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laugh and play
Till the last sleep companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray, -
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, The Boys!

1859

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

November 10 1892

"Doctor" Francis Thomas M. C.

"Judge" George Tyler Bigelow, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts

"The Speaker" Francis Boardman Crowninshield, Speaker of the House of Representatives

"Mr Mayor" George H. Richardson, Mayor of Worcester

"Member of Congress" George Thomas Davis. - Isaac Edward Morse

"The Reverend" James Freeman Clarke and others

The "Boy with the brave and fearless soul" Professor Benjamin Peirce, L. L. D. of Cambridge

The "Boy with a three-decker brain" Benjamin Robbins Curtis, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States

"The nice youngster of excellent pith" Samuel Francis Smith, Author of "My Country 'tis of thee."

The "boy laughing" - previously exposed to

On a dead child

Ere tears could stain thy cherub face
Or sin thy soul could leaven,
Re-enter, happy by God's grace,
Thine ante-natal Heaven.

F. W. Farrar.

All heaven, in every baby born,
All absolute of earthly leaven,
Reveals itself, though man may scorn
All heaven.

Yet man might feel all sin forgiven,
All grief appeased, all pain outworn,
By this one revelation given.

Soul, now forget thy burdens borne:
Heart, be thy joys now seven times seven:
Love shows in light more bright than morn
All heaven.

A. Swinburne

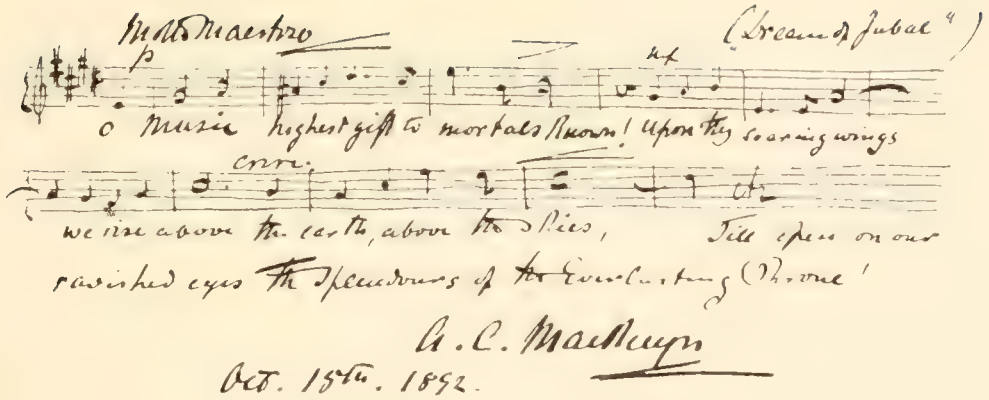
To Young Parents.

Rule your children gently while you may, that you may be gently ruled by them when you must.

Frederick Pollock

Man works hard over his government and his sciences and arts and in these tasks brings deep marks to his forhead but his youth and smile return when he sees happy children crossing a field of grass and flowers.

David Swing


Molto Maestoso
(Dream of Jubal)
p
ff
O Music highest gift to mortals known! Upon thy soaring wings
cresc.
we rise above the earth, above the skies, Till open on our
ravished eyes the splendours of the Everlasting Throne!
A. C. MacKenzie
Oct. 15th. 1892.

14 November 1892

They did not settle the matter that night, but soon separated for sleep. As Jury disappeared up the ladder to his roomy and airy bed-loft he called back to his father:

"Dad, I'm goin' to own a mortgidge afore I die; mind what I say."

"Hope ye will Jury. Yew'll hev a holt of the right end of the poker then; an' the other feller he'll hev a holt of the hot part, same as we've got naow."

"Yew bet! An' it'll sizzle his hands, tew, afore I'll ever let up on him!"

Joseph Kirkland.

I have tended six pretty cradles,
With the loveliest Babes within,
All heav'n flames of holy rapture
In a world of grief must sin.
Six babes may make six angels.
Oh! grant it, God of grace,
That, lifted on their living wings,
I too may see thy face.

Julia Ward Howe.

The Pony —

A sturdy Maid:
Plump hands upon her hips;
White throat flung back,
And laughing, scarlet lips;
Full bodice, laced,
And kerchief well tucked in;
Smile for each lad —
(A kiss, perhaps, no sin!)
Plain speech — or rough —
No empty flattery —
But wholesome heart —
That is the Pony!

by Margaret Deland —

A Modest Request.

2

The "White City" that lies by the great inland sea,
I am proud to aver, was so christened by me:
And if the Chicago folks take to the name,
I want one small niche in their temple of Fame.

H. C. Bunner

New York.
Pucks Office,
Oct. 17/92.

The Wonder-Child.

'Our little babe', each said, 'shall be
Like unto thee' – 'like unto <u>thee</u>!'
'Her mother's' – 'Nay, his father's' – 'eyes',
'Dear curls like thine' – but each replies,
'As thine, all thine, a thought of me.'

What sweet solemnity to see
The little life upon thy knee,
And whisper all so soft it lies, –
'Our little babe!'

For, whether it be he or she,
A David or a Dorothy,
'As mother fair', or 'father wise',
Both when it's 'good', & when it cries,
One thing is certain, – it will be
<u>Our</u> little babe.

Richard Le Gallienne.

As Little Children.

Young and simple and sweet and dear,
Such are the guests we would summon here —
Such as the Saviour long since led
Where sin-stained souls were gathered, and said —
"Except you long for the grace of the undefiled
You must become as this little child."

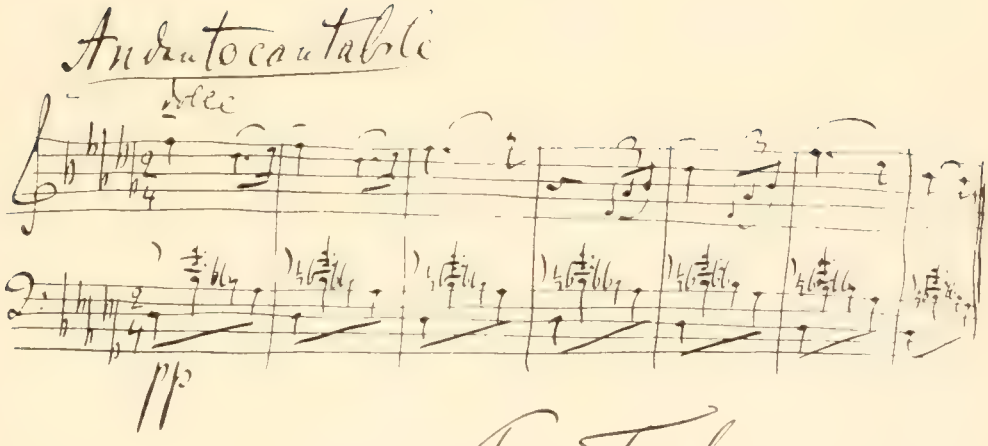
Louise Chandler Moulton

November — 1872.

"The baby's arms were very soft and plump, and her cheek and long fair hair were warm and moist with perspiration, and the breath that fell on Ranger's face was sweeter than anything he had ever known."

Sincerely Yours

Richard Harding Davis.



P. Tschaikowsky

12/27 Oct. 1892 Klin.

From Toilers &
Spinsters by
Anne Thackeray
Ritchie

Boarded out children

Lizzie was a
dark faced half
wistful half tamed
little creature with
a sullen look &
then a bright one,

The story of many a dreary tramp was written in her face the hardships and troubles of other lives than her own

Do you see any change in her I asked since she came to you? -

Why she have all watered up lately said the old woman She do sing now o' mornings & she do begin to curl her hair

So we understands her
name is Dobbs not
Stubbs They told us
Stubbs at th' Union
'Tis a Kindness she
prattled on to take
children from th'
Union & Earn them
If Elizabeth speaks
Sarce I say (shakes
of head & other
reassurance Signals
to us) Lizzie I
Shall take ye back
Elizabeth grinned, not
looking much alarmed &
showed all her white teeth.

"Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed;
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip, and spite,
and Slander die."

Marchioness de Navarro

London Oct. 1892.

P.T.O

It is a wonderful thing to be a child born into a world to which the boundless unfathomable love of God has been revealed; and every child to born has a right to the revelation. We, who are their natural caretakers are responsible that they receive it, and we ought to be telling them of it, over and over, throughout every day and every hour of their young lives. Not that we are to be always preaching it, but we must be always living it in their presence, by a life of unfailing and unselfish love and tenderness. Acts speak to a child's mind far more powerfully than words. And they will judge of the God and Father, about whom we preach to them by what they see in us. Let us see to it that we always and everywhere reveal Him as the God of love.

Hannah Whitall Smith
(Author of The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life. &c. &c.)

44 Grosvenor Road
Westminster. London
England

Rosey & Tosey

Rosey knelt over my shoulder, but the troubled activity around us kept the scene that had been set for me at the table, indeed all-absorbing. (ww)
Tosey was following my instructions already learnt in his. It was then that the child considered him unable for change a conduit. When my wife took her a slice of cake she stopped it on its way to her mouth, broke it into small pieces for him, as one would feed the birds. Then with attention to his personal comfort-rid the napkin his mouth.
"What does Tosey say," inquired he, "to the lady who gave him cake?"
Tosey stared at her in shocked surprise. Could she not see that he was eating?—visibly going in the only conjunction in which (as she knew) he must be alone. He took a piece out of his mouth. "Say, open upon the lowest ground, who could be expected to reply to abstract questions, who has his mouth full of cake?"
"Now what does Tosey say when his good lady has given him cake?" repeated the little creature more peremptorily than before.
"Moa" (more)
At this my wife burst out laughing, "I knew he didn't ~~say~~ this much child," did you ever hear such a simple child," cried she, "to say 'Moa' instead of 'Ta'?
Why is human nature so unlike.

Jasmine Pope

If the child is Father,
or Mother, of the Man, the
Children ought to have a Home
in the Columbian Fair, so that
they will know how to treat
their grand-parents in the
great World's Fair which it
will be their privilege to
organize.

Nov 7. 1892. Chas. Dudley Warner

The young generation! Ah, there is the cloud
Of our souls down the ages, to blend for it, proof
That souls we have, with our senses filed,
Our shuttles at thread of the woof.
May it be braver than ours
To encounter the rattle of hostile balls,
To look on the rising of Stranger Powers.
May it know how the mind in expansion revolts
From a nursery Past with such tatters atoof
("From the Empty Purse") etc

George Meredith
November 1st 1892

In the Nursery

"Where do you go, Bob, when you're fast asleep?"
"Where? Oh all over I went in a deep
Divine, father Tobin-oh, and across mean sound
-did wake me but, it did, at half-past block twelve.
-I saw the Queen once, in her room, quite near.
She said "you rude boy Bob how came you here?";
"Was it like mother's boudoir?"
Gilt chairs and things - all over diamonds - Oh!
Grander far
"You're sure it was the Queen?"
"Of course, a crown
Was on her, and a spangly purple gown"
"I went to heaven last night
O Lily, no,
How could you?"
"Yes I did, they took me to,
And my best doll my favorite, with the blue
Frock, Jasmine, I took her to heaven too"

"What was it like?"

"A kind of—I can't tell
A sort of orchard place, in a low dell,
With trees all over flowers, and there were birds
Who could do nothing but soft twittering words;
They let me stroke them, & I showed it all
To Vasiene. And I heard a blue dove call
"Child this heaven" I was so frightened when
It spoke, I said "Where are the angels then?"
"Well?"

So it said "Look up & you shall see"
There were two angels sitting in the tree,
As tall as women; they had long gold hair
They let drop down the fruit they gathered there
And little Angels came for it—so sweet—
Were they were beggar children in the street
And the dove said they had the prettiest things
And wore their best frocks every day."

"And wings?
Had they no wings?"

"Yes & lined with white
Like swallow wings, so soft, so very light—
Fluttering about—"

"Well?" "Well I said no—then
"So that was all"—"They made you go away?"

"I did not go — but — I was gone"

"I know

But it's a pity Bob we never go

together: yes I have no dreams to tell

But the next day both know all the quite well"

"Good Bob, if I could dream you came with me

You wouldn't be there perhaps."

Perhaps — we'll see

Joan Tuckson.